



WHAT MAM HUSBAND DID

Pa, at's my ma's husband, says
Tress ain't fashable these days;
But him why, an' pa says: "Cause
Don't b'lieve in Santa Claus!"
Says he, the noise and fuss,
But him why, an' pa says: "Cause
Don't b'lieve in Santa Claus!"
Says he, the noise and fuss,
But him why, an' pa says: "Cause
Don't b'lieve in Santa Claus!"

A CHRISTMAS AT STARVATION JUNCTION

OMEHOW or other Reuben Bullwinkle will get in to Heaven, though I don't suppose he will do so in any ordinary way. But I am fairly fixed in my opinion that somehow or other, he will get in to Heaven, though I don't suppose he will do so in any ordinary way. But I am fairly fixed in my opinion that somehow or other, he will get in to Heaven, though I don't suppose he will do so in any ordinary way.

It was almost noon on Christmas day when the through express pulled into Starvation Junction six hours late. Desolate and dreary as the station appeared, the travel-worn and hungry passengers were glad to see it, as they had been informed they could procure refreshments on their arrival, as no other opportunity had presented itself to satisfy their hunger since the previous day.

The storm which began in the night had developed into the unmistakable blizzard so much hated and feared by all who travel by rail. The engine had done all that iron and steam could do against its inveterate foe, but in spite of gallant efforts the blizzard seemed to be getting the best of the battle, and for some time before the train pulled up at the station the iron lungs of the engine seemed to labor with a painful effort as it plowed its way through the drifts.

The station was equipped with the usual lunch counter, upon which was displayed the uninviting and meager fare which generally greets the traveling public at such institutions. There were sandwiches for those who could afford to pay ten cents for the small suspicion of the frag end of some old remnant of fat mercifully hidden between two slices of stale bread.

There were beans, but beans, hard, dry and musty, which could be had for 25 cents; ten cents for two indigestible looking doughnuts; five cents apiece for eggs—boiled eggs, boiled hard, boiled until they were black and blue, boiled to the consistency of an india-rubber ball. Nobody could tell how long those eggs have been boiled. I say have, because probably most of them are doing duty yet on that lunch counter.

And then there was pie—at least something that went by that title—and coffee, too, that would be recognized only by the name.

It often happens under circumstances of this nature that there are some who have not started on their journey with the expectation of being put to extra expense, and are consequently not prepared for the exorbitant charges of the railway lunch counter, and are therefore placed in a very unpleasant situation.

Among the crowd of hungry mortals who gathered in the dingy station were a woman and a little boy. These two made no effort to secure a place with the eager crowd at the lunch counter, but stood unnoticed and alone beside the stove. It was easy to see that they did not belong to the opulent class of society, for, though scrupulously neat, their clothes were of cheap material, and several skillful patches on the garments of the boy indicated careful economy. There was a weary and anxious look on the woman's face as she bent down and whispered something to the child, who was whimpering and tugging at her dress, casting longing looks at the lunch counter.

To a close observer the situation was perfectly plain, for there was no doubt that the boy was pleading for a chance at the edibles, and the mother, without the means of relief, was trying to pacify him. Of course, in a selfish and greedy world it is no uncommon thing for some to go hungry, for when so many are actually starving to death it seems hardly worth while to waste sympathy on those who are only fastidious, and yet what is more piti-

ful than a helpless mother with a hungry child?
Among the crowd of passengers who had hurried into the station came Reuben Bullwinkle. The discomforts of the journey had no apparent effect upon his invincible good humor. "Dinner is now ready, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted. "Table d'hôte, or à la carte, all the luxuries of the season at prices within the means of any millionaire. Never mind the cost. A full stomach is better than a full pocket book, and you can't have both together in this ranch. Walk right up to the festive board and enjoy your Christmas dinner."

After this outburst of dime-museum eloquence Reuben looked about him for some evidence of appreciation, but every one was too busily occupied in the scramble for food to heed his vagaries. But as every one, for as Reuben's eyes wandered over the room they observed the forms of the lone woman and her little boy standing idly by the stove.

Reuben was an old and experienced traveler, and withal a shrewd observer, and it did not take him long to read the pathetic story of this group of two. There was no doubt in his mind that they were faint with hunger and without sufficient money to pay for food. The drummer Reuben pushed his traveling bag to the back of his head and scratched his bald pate as he held a secret consultation with the angelic and interior Reuben. "Rube, old fellow, what are we going to do about this business? We can't enjoy our Christmas dinner knowing all the time that hungry eyes are watching every mouthful of food we devour; no, that's out of the question, but what can we do? That woman is no pauper, and she would probably scorch us with a glance if we presumed to offer her money, or even to blow her off to a dinner. But, great Caesar! they must be fed somehow."

Now if we could manage to scrape up an acquaintance with the boy I think we could make the deal; so let's see if we can hypnotize him."

Agreeable to this resolution Reuben fastened his gaze upon the child until he caught his eye, then smiling the same old smile which had won him friends from Boston to California, he addressed him: "How's this for a Christmas, little boy?" But the little boy only clung closer to his mother's skirts and scowled at the presumptuous stranger.

"What's the matter, little friend, can't you find a seat? You just come with me now, and if we don't find a place I'm much mistaken."

The boy ceased whimpering and looked inquiringly at his mother.



TOMMY GETS HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER

Reuben thought he could detect the conflicting emotions of the woman in the struggle between womanly pride and motherly love. He saw her tighten her hold on the hand of the boy and turn slightly away.

Slipping forward and politely doffing his hat, he addressed the woman: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but you see I have taken a notion to that boy of yours, and as I am far away from my own little ones (this was rank duplicity, for Reuben had neither wife nor children, near or far), and as this is Christmas day, I am feeling a little lonesome. You, being a parent yourself, can appreciate my feeling, for doubtless were you away from your boy you would naturally be interested in any child who reminded you of your own. Now I beg you to permit my little boy to be my guest and eat his Christmas dinner with me."

The woman lifted her downcast eyes to the honest face of the stranger, then blushing slightly, without either forbidding or consenting, replied diplomatically: "Tommy is afraid of strangers."

However noncommittal this answer was, it was equivalent to a full consent when made to a knight of the grip, and either owing to the hypnotic power of Reuben Bullwinkle or the cravings of appetite, no difficulty was experienced in winning the child's consent to any arrangement which had for its ultimate object the eating of a dinner.

Hungry children are not very fastidious, and however unappetizing the viands of that forlorn lunch counter would seem to you and me as we sit down to our Christmas turkey at our own table, to the little hungry boy they were fit for a king, and if everyone throughout the land enjoyed his Christmas dinner as little Tommy did in that dingy old station, it was indeed a merry Christmas.

However, it came to pass that the boy was finally satisfied. He had stuffed himself to his full capacity, and with a sigh of supreme satisfaction prepared to slide off the high stool, ignoring all obligations and without a word of excuse or thanks to his genial host. It was very probable that with the purely natural selfishness which we are all heirs to, but which is more plainly evident in children owing to their innocence, the boy who did not think that his poor mother was still fasting, but with the sublime faith of childhood in the omnipotence of parents, he rested in the conviction that she was old enough to look out for herself, if indeed he gave the matter any consideration, which is not at all probable.

But Reuben had not forgotten, and had made up his mind that the woman's fast should be broken.

"Wait a minute, Tommy," said he, seeing the boy was about to escape. "Don't you want something more?" "No, I don't want no more," answered the little Tommy.

"Wouldn't you like a nice big apple to put in your pocket?—or hold on, I've an idea. It's Christmas, you know, but you didn't know that I was old Santa Claus. The reason you didn't know me,

Tommy, is because the blizzard blew my beard clean off. Yet all the same I'm going to fill your stocking, and if I can't get at your stocking I'll fill something else for you. Here, young lady, let's have one of those big paper bags. Now, Tommy, we'll call this a stocking. Let's fill it up. What'll you have? Apples, of course, and doughnuts and some of those delicious sandwiches and pie like your mother makes, and I guess that exhausts the bill of fare. Now hold the end of the bag tight and don't spill out the victuals; and, Tommy, your mother wants you."

The refreshed travelers had all settled themselves in their seats and the train was jogging along again as best it could through the snow. Passing through the car Reuben looked carefully about for the woman and child, as he was deeply interested in the success of his maneuvers. There is no great difficulty in locating anyone on a train of cars, and as a matter of course Reuben soon found the objects of his search. His business with them was very brief; indeed it was completed with a passing glance, and completed to his intense satisfaction, for that glance was sufficient to show him that the hungry woman was enjoying his bounty with a relish which none can appreciate, unless he has had corresponding experiences. He was not noticed as he hurried by the little group. He did not want to be recognized, for with a fine delicacy which always accompanies true generosity he felt that the least he could do for the woman and child was to keep her from recognition or thanks; indeed the idea that he was entitled to thanks never entered his head for a moment. Neither did he make any mental calculation as to the value of an act of friendliness put down to his credit account on the recording angel's book, nor did he look for any special blessing which the Lord might owe him for his act of charity. Indeed the little thought which he gave the matter had its relation entirely to the objects of his sympathy, and his heart was light and his soul joyous, it was because he had unconsciously wandered near the threshold of Heaven and heard the echo of angel voices singing: "Peace on earth and good will to men."—Frank Reed in Ram's Horn.

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

All Presents Had to Go Into the Christmas Stocking.

Robert J. Burdette in the Ladies' Home Journal tells in his humorous way how he remembers the Christmas of long ago. "Most of the Christmas presents in those days were designed by the manufacturer for the hanging stocking. Anything too big to go into a stocking had to go over to somebody's birthday. In any family where there was more than one child the reliable 'Noah's ark' was always looked for. We hailed with exclamations of astonished recognition Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messrs. and Mrs. Shem, Ham and Japheth. There was no way of telling the men and women apart. They were exactly alike, but the elephant and giraffe you could distinguish at a glance, on account of the spots on the giraffe. So also the dog and the cow, because the cow was always white and blue, while the dog was invariably plain blue. Within 24 hours after the landing on Ararat the baby would have all the paint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor would be sent for."

"The red monkey climbing a red stick was another regular Christmas stickey. He was highly esteemed as a light luncheon by the baby. It never seemed to affect the infant unpleasantly—to himself, that is—although the cloudy symphony of red and blue about his innocent mouth was apt to make the beholder shiver. But it made the monkey look sick. Then there was a uniform, beating a drum. You turned a crank, the general lifted his stick high in the air, and something in the box made a noise as much like a drum as a peal of thunder is like a piccolo. These things as toys were of no great value, but as practical and useful object lessons they were beyond all price, on the malarious side."

ACROSS THE STREET.

The Change That Came with Another Christmas Time.

Last Christmas the house across the street from mine was the brightest and gayest of any in the block. The windows were filled with Christmas wreaths in every window and the whole house was aglow. The shades were thrown up high and the soft light curtains parted wide. The tree in the great parlor of the house across the street was larger and it had costlier presents on it than any other tree in the town. And most of the presents were for the little girl in the white dress and the big pink sack who could be seen from the street dancing around the tree, the happiest, sweetest little maiden in all the world and the light and life and joy of the house across the street.

This Christmas time all is dark and silent and gloomy in the great house across the street. There are no Christmas wreaths in the window, no ray of light comes from behind the closed shades, no childish voice is heard within the house. There is no bright and beautiful tree, but on the spot on which the tree stood last year there is something white and as beautiful in its silk and satin and velvet finish as the skill and wealth of the maker. It is a beautiful sight of it brought a chill to the hearts of those who saw it carried into the house on Christmas eve, and when the eyes of the mother and father fell upon it their hearts bled anew.

The passers-by who saw the bands of white fluttering from the knob of the door of the house across the street went on to their own humble homes thanking God that their own little ones were left to them, no matter how little of wealth or beauty there might be in their homes.

The poorest house in which there was the laugh of children was so much less desolate than the great mansion across the street in which the child's laugh was so sweet still. It added to the melody of Christmas the Christmas morning. It rang out clear and sweet across the jasper sea. It had gone through the gate Beautiful and into a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.—Detroit Free Press.

When Formally Instituted.

The celebration of Christmas is said by the church historians to have been formally instituted by Pope Telephorus, who died A. D. 138.

With His Own Money.

Mrs. Benjamin—Henry, what shall I get you for Christmas?
Benjamin—Nothing; I've got to economize this year.—Chicago Tribune.

Best Way to Tell.

The best way to tell whether a present is a cheap one is to observe whether the price has been rubbed off.—N. Y. Truth.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CORN ON THE COB.
Some Reasons Why It Should Never Be Fed to Horses.

Corn on the cob should never be fed to horses, as there is always a risk of making them sick by doing so. When corn on the cob is fed, unless a horse's appetite is carefully noted and just enough is given to him, he will eat the cob also, and as the cob is more or less indigestible there is a big chance of making him sick and losing him. In feeding a horse care should be taken to give him just enough and no more, too much being almost as bad as too little.

I have just heard of an experience with a good horse which proves the truth of what I have said. One of my friends who has a negro hostler has had trouble about keeping his horses well and in good condition, owing to the fact that if the hostler, for any reason, lost his temper with one of the horses he gave that horse's breakfast, dinner or supper to another horse, and when the stunted horse got his next meal (for the negro was afraid to cut him more than one meal at a time) he would eat cobs as well as the corn. One evening some time ago, when the stock came in from work, one of the horses was sick and it was found that he had indigestion. A remedy was given, and when after long work on him the sick animal evacuated a great number of pieces of cob as large as a chestnut were found, which showed conclusively the cause of the trouble. No blame was attached to the hostler at the time, but soon after another negro who had a grudge against the ill-tempered hostler told how the horses were treated; investigation proved the truth of the story and the hostler was discharged. Since that time the horses have been fed on shelled corn and there has been no trouble, all of them keeping in perfect health and looking well.

It is some trouble and a slight additional expense to shell the corn for the horses, but it is better to do this than to have to sit up for hours with a sick horse and perhaps lose him at last. It is not, however, a great deal of trouble to me to shell my corn, as I use for this purpose a little corn sheller with which one man can easily shell a bushel of corn in ten minutes or less. I paid three dollars for it, and the work is so light and pleasant that the children on the place enjoy shelling a large part of the corn used for the horses. Cows can eat cobs without danger, but horses cannot. A horse is a clean and choice animal and must be more carefully treated than any other class of stock or he will not thrive.—Julien A. Hall, in Ohio Farmer.

HINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

The draft horse business is promising well. Ice cold water is neither good for man or beast. A good curry comb in a willing hand saves grain. The hoghouse should be low. A high house is colder than a low one. Don't pile old bedding at the head of the stall under the horse's nose. Do not be in too big a hurry to wean the fall pigs. Get them well started to growing. Every stock owner should have on hand remedies for ordinary diseases and wounds. Swine do not require a high temperature. A temperature of 45 degrees is high enough. The bottom of a horse's hoof is strong and when the shoeer pares it off he commits crime. Good breeds and good representatives of breeds, well taken care of, indicate a good farmer. After separating the calf from its mother, feed the natural milk as soon as drawn, for a week or ten days. Curry the cows? Yes. Currying removes the dirt and cleans the skin, and that is of as much value to a cow as to a horse. Don't feed cold weather. By that we mean don't neglect to have warm winter shelter, and thus save grain which will be necessary to keep up uselessly wasted animal heat.—Western Plowman.

WASHING VEHICLES.

A Device That Will Save Considerable Time and Labor.

The device shown in the cut will save much time and labor in washing wagons. A narrow water-tight box of the shape shown in the illustration is slipped under the wheel when it has been "jacked up." A can of water is now poured in and the wheel revolved. The dirt can thus be removed quickly and much more easily than when a pail is used to hold the water. Once used, the benefits of this device will be very apparent.—American Agriculturist.

Celery is a Biennial.

Celery is ordinarily a biennial; that is to say, it requires two seasons to come to maturity. In this habit it is like the turnip, cabbage, carrot and many other familiar plants, which form a cluster of leaves and a strong root during the first season's growth, live over winter, and the following season send up a seed stalk. After ripening its seed the plant dies. The biennial habit of growth is not absolutely fixed in the case of celery, for the plants occasionally complete their growth in a single season, from seed, and die.

Evergreens on the Farm.

The first consideration in planting trees about farm buildings is to shelter them from sun, wind and storm. The need of shade in summer is generally recognized, but too many planters overlook the equal necessity for evergreens to protect from winter winds, and to give a little color to the monotony of winter landscapes. Evergreens produce an effect in ornamental planting not to be obtained in any other way.

CALENDAR FOR 1898.

JANUARY							JULY						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31				

FEBRUARY							AUGUST						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29							29	30	31				

MARCH							SEPTEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30					

APRIL							OCTOBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30					

MAY							NOVEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30					

JUNE							DECEMBER						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30						29	30					

SHE SPANKED FOR THE FAMILY.

The Stranger's Kind Offer Was Indignantly Refused.

People never get encouragement for doing the Good Samaritan act in the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered assistance to a distressed woman and ameliorated the sufferings of a lot of people on a suburban car.

"Oh, if your father were only here!" he had said for the fifth time, as she tried vainly to get her mother and another woman out of the car. The mother and the other woman were the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, in doing his duty as a parent.

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MISUNDERSTOOD.

Mr. Casey Was Not Up to Polite Paraphrase.

Madge Casey was a new girl with wild abandon and a Turkish divan in the magnificent drawing-room of the palatial brown stone mansion owned by her father, the wealthy but honest and kind Mr. Casey. Madge's mother had just given her a good scolding for being out so late the previous night with that "spank" as a Mother Casey, who never intended getting married, so the rebellious daughter entered the abandoned room for the purpose of having a good cry.

Five minutes afterward her father entered, and seeing the pride of his heart in tears, said soothingly: "Arrah, Madge, my dear, what's the cause of all this grief?" "Horn't I told ye toime an' agin that iv ye didn't stop wearin' shoes too soxins too small for yer feet, yer low bunions on yer face?" Oh, that!—Up-to-Date.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

John Doe—"Is that long-haired poet still the star-broader?" Richard Roe—"No, indeed. He is in the white wash. He married the landlady."—N. Y. Journal.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, December 18, 1897.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 15	5 00	
COTTON—Middling	12 50	13 00	
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	3 70	3 80	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	90	95	
CORN—No. 2	40	45	
OATS—No. 2 White	22	25	
PORK—New Mess.	8 25	9 00	

ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	5 40	5 50	
BEEVES—Steers	3 25	3 40	
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 20	5 40	
CALVES—(per head)	5 00	10 00	
HOGS—Fair to Choice	3 00	3 25	
FLOUR—Patents	4 05	4 25	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	4 00	4 10	
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	40	45	
OATS—No. 2 White	22	25	
RYE—No. 2	44	46	
TOBACCO—Lugs	4 00	12 00	
HAY—Clear Timothy	4 50	10 00	
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	14	18	
OATS—No. 2 White	22	25	
PORK—Fresh (new)	8 25	9 00	
BACON—Clear Rib	8 25	9 00	
LARD—Prime Steam	8 25	9 00	

CHICAGO.		
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